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MEN'S SECTION

Joyce - Pruitt Co.

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Classified Advertisements

PIGS FOR SALE.

If you want to get a few nice pigs do not overlook the sale at the Club Stable Monday, June 12, at 2 P. M. Pigs weigh from 30 to 40 pounds each and are good stock. Come and see some good stock if you do not care to buy.

FOR SALE.—Small fireproof safe. BOSTON STORE.

FOR RENT.—The Palace dining room and kitchen completely furnished. Phone or write. THE PALACE HOTEL.

FOR RENT.—Good airy front room. MRS. Wm. H. MULLANE, Phone No. 12. Can be found at Corner Drug Store.

THE REASON WHY

the Paint peeled off your house, the Paint was no good. Let me tell you how to Paint in New Mexico. JACK HALBERT, Phone 151.

DRAYING AND TRANSFER.—Will do all kinds of heavy and light dray work and all kinds of hauling on short notice. PECOS VALLEY TRANSFER. Phone No. 12. Can be found at Corner Drug Store.

Dr. T. E. Presley, of the firm of Drs. Presley & Swearingin, specialist eye, ear nose and throat, will be in Casabad 8th to 12th and from 5 to 10 of each month, in the office with Dr. Lauer. 10 Oct-Dec 17

When you see Nelson think of Clothes. When you see Clothes think of Nelson.

If you want choice alfalfa hay, M. L. Davis has it. Phone 202J.

FOR SALE.—At a bargain, 5 head of horses. Good young stock. H. G. HEADRICK, 26-May-2 3 miles east Lovin.

BOARDERS WANTED.—At Queen N. M. for the summer months. Fine place to camp. Big shade trees, fine climate, good water, fresh eggs, milk and butter. Raise your own vegetables. Bring your tents and building. No tuberculars wanted. Write LOUIS MEANS, Queen, N. M.

PASTURE for Horses and Cows.—Alfalfa, barmuda and clover at 10c per day or \$2.50 per month in advance. T. MARQUESS, La Huerta.

When you see Nelson think of Clothes. When you see Clothes think of Nelson.

JERSEY COWS

—FOR—

Milk, Cream, or Cream for Whipping

—SEE—

Beattie Wilson OR PHONE 540

NEAL MANN, Manager GIVE US A TRIAL

CHOOSING A DAIRY BULL.

Factors That Indicate Desirable Qualities in the Head of the Herd.

After looking over an individual that is intended to go to the head of a herd, the first question that should arise is as to the character of his dam, next is the granddam, and then might be considered the sire and grand-sire. When you get these all right the more good animals back of them the better. Write Ben H. Eldridge in Horn's Dairyman. But don't forget that the important factors are the animals close up.

In regard to the individual quality of the dairy bull, I believe the first in importance is what might be termed strength of individuality or character. He must be one of those animals that after looking at them it is not easy to forget. The impression must be of good lines, quality and force. After



The Ayrshire is a hardy cow with a vigorous appetite. In general appearance she is sprightly and full of life. The Ayrshire cow is healthy, rarely having ailments of body or udder, and is a very persistent milk-er, giving a uniform flow well up to freshening. Many Ayrshires are dried off with difficulty. The cow pictured is a pure bred Ayrshire.

this impression is gained go into details. First of these is a good head, denoting masculinity. The head must be well carried; then the right kind of neck that blends nicely into good shoulders, a good back—not beefy—straight to the tail head, good length of hind quarter, thighs not beefy, under line indicating capacity; velvet showing good circulation, the skin underneath the body loose and pliable, rudiments of ribs not too close together, a good thickness through heart and lungs and the body placed on good, well set legs. The eye should be bright, prominent and large to indicate the quality of the nervous organization, and the skin should be loose and not too thick.

Now, in purchasing a dairy sire if one can be found that is a proved producer of desirable progeny that is the bull you want. The prevailing idea that a bull must be young is wrong. Where these animals have been properly cared for, with an opportunity for exercise, they should be productive for many years. It takes years to try out a herd bull, and when you find one that is tried do not undervalue the time that has been spent in proving his worth. I have known some noted bulls that were prepotent at the age of seven years and others even older. The young bull, at the most, is a prospect. The aged bull of proved merit is a valuable mine.

Take good care of the bulls. Don't turn them with the herds. Conserve their power, provide exercise, give a variety of feeds, and when they prove animals of exceptional merit keep them where they will add wealth to the country and prosperity to the neighborhood that is fortunate in their presence.

Christie & Co. INSURANCE

Bowser's Old Coat

And Why the Rag Man Didn't Get It.

By M. QUAD

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References have been made in these articles to Mr. Bowser's wallet and the care he takes of it at night. Mr. Bowser inherited this prudence from male ancestors dating back hundreds of years. Only about one man in fifty—that is, one husband—leaves his wallet so carelessly about that it becomes a temptation to his wife.

Mr. Bowser is neither a stingy man nor a suspicious one. He is simply a prudent man. He realizes that should Mrs. Bowser have a ferocious attack of insomnia some night at midnight, while he was peacefully snoring away, she would get up and walk the floor. Her eye would catch the end of his wallet sticking out of the inside pocket of his coat, and she would naturally with draw that wallet. She would also naturally open that wallet and count the contents. As a wife, she would feel that a third of the wealth belonged to her, and she might take a ten dollar bill and lay it aside for future use. When Mr. Bowser came to count the contents in the morning and discovered a shortage he would be perplexed as to whether he gave it to the heathen the day before or a burglar had entered the house during the night.

Mr. Bowser, like other husbands, has been known to carry his prudence so far as to hide his wallet under the front steps just previous to bedtime.



HE WAS RACING AGAINST TIME

He has hidden it in the house in forty different places, and he has always heaved a great sigh of relief when he has found it safe in the morning. The other day, while hunting for an old hat in his clothes closet, he saw one of his old coats hanging on a hook. It had a bill pocket. The wallet might be placed in that pocket time after time and Mrs. Bowser would never discover it. He made a mental note of this, and that night the wallet rested in a new place.

Next morning as Mr. Bowser was yawning and stretching and preparing to arise and go down to his breakfast a dog fight took place in front of his house. He jumped out of bed and yelled to the smaller of the two dogs to go in and win. At the breakfast table he was still excited over the scrap, and when he started for his office the wallet still remained in the pocket of the old coat. He had street car tickets and did not discover the loss until he came to pay for his noon day luncheon. Then he could not pay. He had neither change nor wallet.

The waiter observed that no such game could be played on the house, and Mr. Bowser had to leave his watch as security for 30 cents. He remembered where he had left that wallet, and he started for home instantly. He did not take the trolley car. It was too slow for him. He started off on a fast walk, which gradually grew into a hobble, and the hobble into a run. In the last half mile of the race he carried a red face, his eyes bulged out, and his hat was in his hand. Scores of men called to him to ask what was the matter, but he never answered nor paused for a moment. He was racing against time. At any moment Mrs. Bowser might find that wallet and extract a bill.

Mrs. Bowser got a great shock when Mr. Bowser burst into the hall and had to sit down on the lower step of the stairs and gasp for breath. While a hundred feet from his gate he had seen an old rag buyer pass out with a full sack over his shoulder. Perhaps Mrs. Bowser had been selling him his old clothes and that old coat was among the garments.

"What on earth is the matter?" she exclaimed, as she leaned against the wall for support.

"Did you—did you?"

"Did I what?"

"Did you sell that man any old clothes?"

"Why, yes. But what has that got to do with your coming home this time of day?"

"You—you sold my old clothes, did you? Woman, you have ruined me!"

And Mr. Bowser jumped up and dashed out of doors and down the steps and looked for the ragman. He was just turning a distant corner, and he was pursued. He entered a house two blocks below, and Mr. Bowser

missed him. He was running about like a dog seeking a lost trail when a policeman stopped him and asked him if his house was on fire or his wife was dying. Just then the old ragman showed up a block away, and Mr. Bowser broke from the policeman's grasp and galloped away. The old man heard the clatter of his feet behind him and looked around, and then started off at his best pace. No old man can run very fast with a big sack bumping his back at every jump, and Mr. Bowser soon overhauled the fugitive and had the sack in his possession.

"What you fight me for?" was demanded of him.

"You bought some old clothes on Third place half an hour ago. I want a coat you bought."

"I no buy a coat there."

"Don't lie to me, you old villain! Where is that coat?"

And Bowser was pulling the garments out of his sack, and the old man was trying his hardest to prevent, when the policeman came up. In response to his demand, two stories were told, and as they did not agree he walked the two men to the station house. When the same two stories were told to the sergeant at the desk he replied:

"We will have the sack searched and see."

It was searched, and there was no coat in it.

"He stopped somewhere and hid it!" shouted Mr. Bowser.

"I no buy coat there. I no see wallet. I was some poor and honest man!" protested the old man.

"Is your wife at home?" asked the sergeant of Mr. Bowser.

"She is," was the reply.

"Then step to that telephone and ask her to come down here. You can wait in the back room until she arrives."

"But, man, I am Mr. Bowser!" roared the hero of the wallet and the old coat.

"That makes no difference to me. If your wife does not come down here I will have you locked up, and you might later tell your story in court. You seem to be a very bullheaded sort of man."

It took Mrs. Bowser over half an hour to dress and get down there. Mr. Bowser greeted her with almost a shout of relief, but the sergeant waved him aside with the words:

"You keep quiet, old man, while I ask your wife a few questions. Now, then, Mrs. Bowser, you sold this old man some old clothes, did you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many garments in all?"

"Why, five or six, I guess. There were two old suits and parts of two or three more, and some of them had been lying around the house for two or three years."

"But this coat was an old brown one—a cutaway," put in Mr. Bowser.

"Didn't I tell you to keep still!" thundered the sergeant. "About sixty days behind the bars is what you seem to be aching for!"

"I didn't sell that one," said Mrs. Bowser. "I saw it hanging on the hook and thought you would need it when you were working about the house. No; I did not sell that one, and I felt in the pockets of all I did sell before I let them go. Besides this, I knew your wallet was in that coat, for I saw you hide it there last night."

"You are evidently a mean old husband," said the sergeant to Mr. Bowser. "I'll bet your wife don't get 10 cents a week for pin money. I will send an officer up with you to see if the story of the coat is true. It probably is, for I don't believe such a nice little woman would tell a lie about it."

And an officer accompanied them home and went upstairs and saw the coat with his own eyes. It was hanging there as safely as money in a savings bank. A tail pocket was investigated, and the missing wallet was brought forth and opened to the broad light of day.

"That's mine!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser as he reached for it.

"You are a nice old guy" said the officer as he handed the wallet over.

"You not only hide your money for fear your wife may get hold of a dollar, but you go away and forget it and then create such a row that the whole county is asking who has been murdered in his bed. Say, old chap, you had better make a change or you will find yourself in a heap of trouble. Good day, Mrs. Bowser. I am sorry for you."

And when the officer had left the house Mr. and Mrs. Bowser sat down and looked at each other for a long, long time. Then Mrs. Bowser broke into a laugh and said:

"Mr. Bowser, this is the dead line. We will consult our respective lawyers and procure a divorce as soon as possible."

And something like a smile hovered around Mr. Bowser's mouth as he replied that, being it was a broken day, he would not go back to the office, but would stay home and fix the lower bluge on the front gate.

Not in His Line.

Nutley—Doctor, there seems to be something the matter with my head.

Doctor (after an examination)—I am unable to locate the trouble. You had better consult a wheelwright.—Indianapolis Star.

Might Have Been Worse.

Rheumatic Patient—Oh, doctor, I do suffer so with my hands and feet!

Cheery Doctor—My dear woman, only think what inconvenience you would have to suffer without them!—London Mail.

Ups and Downs.

There was a man in our town. And he was wondrous wise.

He chopped a tree completely down; Enormous was its size.

And when he saw that tree was down, With all his might and main

He laid hold on his good old ax And chopped it up again!

—Woman's Home Companion

YOUNG MAN

YOU PROPOSE TO WIN IN LIFE.

A COLLEGE EDUCATION WILL HELP YOU WIN.

You can get that education at the NEW MEXICO STATE UNIVERSITY in four years, at an actual necessary cost of \$195.00 per year.

During those four years you will form friendships with hundreds of other young men from every county in New Mexico, from among whom will come the future business, industrial and political leaders of your home state.

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CHURCH NEWS

ANNOUNCEMENT OF SERVICES AT METHODIST CHURCH FOR NEXT SUNDAY, JUNE 4

Order of Morning Service. Piano Voluntary, Miss Penny. Song by Congregation, No. 516. Apostles Creed (By All). Prayer. Song, No. 584. Responsive Reading, Psalm 51. The Gloria Patria. Lesson, Romans 8: 1-15. Offertory. Sermon, "The Badge of Adoption" Communion.

SUNDAY SCHOOL, 1916

Song, No. 215. Responsive Reading, No. 311. Prayer. Special Music. Birthday Offering. Announcements. Class Work. Subject of Lesson: "The Call of the West." Acts 16: 6-15.

ORDER OF EVENING SERVICE 8 P. M.

Song No. 158. Song No. 8. Standing. Prayer. Duet—Vocal. Offering. Lesson. Song No. 22. Sermon, "Preparedness, A Fore-runner." Song and Benediction.

EPWORTH LEAGUE 7 P. M.

Leader, Mrs. Annie Moore. Song, No. 73. Prayer. Roll Call. Response with Bible verse. Vocal Solo. Recitation, Pauline Johnson. Lesson, Subject: "The Consecration of Money." Talk. Report of Secretary. Song. Benediction.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Regular Meetings: The Presbyterian church sabbath school at 10 a. m. Morning worship 11 a. m. Evening worship at 7:30 p. m. Endeavor meeting at 6:45 p. m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday, at 7:30 p. m.

The subject of the morning sermon next day at the Presbyterian church will be "The Call of the Meek". The subject for the talk at evening worship will be "The Way With Christ."

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Sunday School 9:45 a. m. Preaching service, 11 to 12 a. m. B. Y. P. U. 6:30 p. m. Preaching service 7:30 p. m. Choir practice 7:30 p. m., Tuesday. Prayer meeting 7:30 p. m., Wednesday.

GRACE CHURCH (EPISCOPAL).

Lord's Day Services: Holy communion 1st. Lord's day at 11 a. m. Morning prayer and sermon at 11 a. m. on all other Lord's Days. Bible school at 10 a. m. F. W. PRATT, Vicar.

ST. EDWARD'S CHURCH.

Sunday, 9 a. m. High mass and sermon. Low-mass every morning during the week at 7:30 o'clock.

The Scouts at their recent camp had a big block of ice deep in the sand to preserve their perishable grub, and they have Mr. C. C. Lewis to thank for the happy provision.

EDDY GROVE CAMP W. O. W.

Meets first Thursday night each month at W. O. W. Hall. Visiting sovereigns and members urged to attend. A. R. OQUINN, Clerk. JOHN W. IRBY, C. C.

DR. P. J. SMITH

VETERINARY SURGEON AND DENTIST

Office Corner Drug Store Graduate G. W. N. and A. V. C.

Christian & Co., Insurance.

FIRST MONDAY

The Stockmen and Farmers of Eddy County are Invited to come to

CARLSBAD Monday, June 5, 1915

and following first Mondays to exchange all kinds of Stock, Implements, Feeds or Produce and Buy or Sell.

SIGNED BY

Many Farmers and Stockmen